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Such is the case, to all men known
Who calendars and schedules own.
It is unwise to prophecy
Or futuristic facts decry;
But obviously all can see
That Notre Dame will busy be
At making estimates of how
Dear mother's meals from N. D. chow
Differ, and just how sprightly
The weather was that come round nightly
When Anabelle or Mary Kate

Didn't mix or miss that date.
And Badin Hall its stationery
Will dedicate to yonder fairy
Whom Willie told he loved her so
While she was thinking, "Hang that toe!"
And wondering whether Blue Jay plaster
Would mitigate the drear disaster.
But gradually books will issue
From the desk, and paper tissue
Will wrap the letters of elation
For another glad vacation
Which we wish us all,

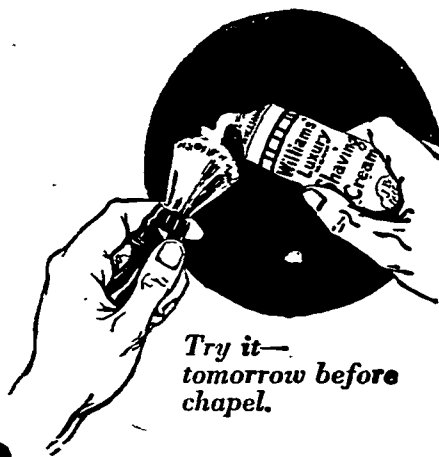
Amen.

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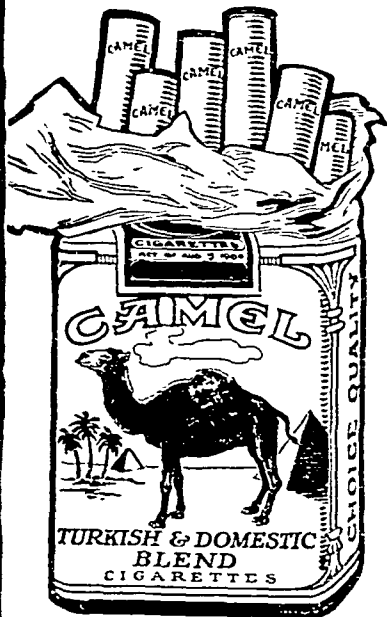
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The Notre Dame Scholastic

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STRETCHING FOR HOME.

C. J. H.

THE passing of the Easter holidays brings to us rather forcibly the realization that we are well on our way toward the end of another school year. For some of us there is the pleasant anticipation of more days at Notre Dame, but for others the close of this year will mean an end and a beginning; the end of a beautiful, almost romantic period and the beginning of a new life quite different from what we have known. For those who will return and for those who leave there is a certain sentiment attached to the beginning of this final quarter of the year. It causes both classes to pause and wonder what the future has in store.

In retrospect the year seems very short: yet how often during its passing did we wonder if it were going to end? To each man at school the passing of a year has, perhaps, a different meaning. To some it means merely another year gone by; to others it marks a milestone in the history of their lives. Some wish it could be lived over again, so full has it been of pleasure. Others have experienced saddening difficulties and would like to forget things that have occurred since last Fall. But to all it means a year at Notre Dame, a year under a kindly Alma Mater, a year of goodly preparation.

These last days are the most pleasant of the year. With the coming of Spring the world turns its thoughts to "house cleaning," and at Notre Dame we make ready for the warm summer days. The gardeners are busy repairing the damage of winter; winter sports give way to Spring games; everyone glows in the warmth of the Spring sun. Soon

the irresistible germ of Spring Fever creeps into our beings and we are wont to give our entire time to the enjoyment of these last days. But there is work yet to be done and now, on the last lap, we are called upon to put forth our best effort.

But the occasion demands reflection and it is at this time of the year, when the end looms in sight, that the student looks ahead. The realization that soon the routine of school days will be over moves him to consider the future. Again, we have the thoughts of those who leave for all time and of those who will return. These latter have only an immediate future to dream of, but those who are now finishing their school education must look farther ahead. The future is a dim, hazy thing at best, but it holds within it the great possibilities about which everyone likes to dream. All ambitions base a loyal faith in this future, and to the men who are properly prepared the fruits of this future will surely come. In this respect, then, is the man with a college education very fortunate; his preparation consists of a solid foundation in the principles of the many experiences he will meet later in life. He has had the wisdom of the ages at his command and it for him to take advantage of his opportunity.

Especially well fitted is the man who has received his education at a religious institution such as Notre Dame. Education here consists of more than the blunt realism dealt out to the students at an ordinary non-religious school;—it is the embodiment of sane educational principles ruled by a higher motive, the law of God.

Education in itself is nothing unless it is guided by a higher principle: the love of God and man. May it guide us always until the end of our lives.

NULLI SECUNDUS.

LOUIS V. BRUGGNER.

BETTER than Milton did it, better than Homer, Tennyson, Arnold or any other epic writer could have done it, the Bible, incomparable epic and lyric, begins its incomparable song. Sublime in its simple dignity, defying paraphrasing, wonderfully simple and yet not childish in expression, it begins:

In the beginning God created heaven and earth.

And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the waters.

Or, as another inspired writer expressed it in the same Book of which I speak,

In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by Him: and without Him was made nothing that was made.

In Him was life and the life was the light of men.

Genius has still to write a poem which can boast of a beginning so sublime as is this one; a poem which, from the beginning to end, contains so many of the essentials of poetry as are illustrated in these few lines. And because there is no such poem I choose the Bible as the poem *par excellence*, as the world's song of songs.

When Shelley said that poetry is the expression of the imagination and is connate with the origin of man he was, I do not doubt, speaking of the Bible first of all. The Bible makes so universal an appeal because, being poetry, it speaks to all who stop to listen. The baby in its crib clutching at the moon, the savage bowing to the sunrise, the ship's boy at the mast-head trying to count the stars, all are poetical though they, like the child of Wordsworth's writing, know it not.

Nowhere in the literature of the world can one find more poetic language than is to be found in the Bible. The Semitic authors of

the scriptures were of an imaginative race and resorted continually to concrete, symbolical expressions of the abstract. Thus their imagination, aided by their deepest emotions, by divine inspiration and by the zeal of their faith, produced examples of imagery and exalted poetical thought unequalled at any time. The psalmist, for instance, is peerless as a lyricist. No dirge ever written can compare with the *De Profundis*, written "out of the depths" of a wounded heart; no song ever written can approximate the joy of the *Laudate Dominum*:

Praise the Lord from the heavens: praise ye him in the high places.

Praise ye him, all his angels, praise ye him all ye his hosts.

Praise ye him, O sun and moon: praise ye him all ye stars and light.

Praise ye him, ye heavens of heavens: and yet all the waters that are above the heavens praise the name of the Lord.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all ye deeps:

Fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds which fulfill his word:

Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars:

Beasts and all cattle; serpents and feathered fowls:

Kings of the earth and all people: princes and all judges of the earth:

Young men and maidens: let the old with the young praise the name of the Lord.

A notable thing about the Bible is the ease with which it is translated without losing its beauty and vigor. The original language of the Bible was necessary to make it the masterpiece it is because in the infancy of society every author is necessarily a poet, employing as he does language which is itself poetry. In the origin of a language words must bear a metaphorical relation to the concepts which they represent; frequently they are onomatopoeic. Words cannot give the thing in themselves; color can give color, line line, but the relation between things and words cannot be directed. Words must approximate as nearly as they can. That is why words are coined. And when words approximate they are metaphorical and when they are metaphorical they are poetic. The language of the Bible has a grand, symphonic sequence that grips, enthalls.

An interesting observation on translation is that of Shelley. "It were as wise," he says,

"to cast a violet into a crucible that you might discover the formal principle of its odor and color as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring from its seed or it will bear no flower—and this is the curse of Babel." The fact may be true. A contemporary writer who, unlike Shelley does not claim that translations destroy the poetry of sound, contends that "our English Bible is better than the original Hebrew and Greek," saying that the translators made more mistakes in Greek than in English, considering even the inferiority of English to Polish or Russian as a means of expression. It is certain that mistakes were made in translations of the Bible into the many modern languages but it is not at all certain that mistakes were unavoidable. It is quite conceivable that, of the many translations, some of them retained the beauty of the original or that one or two heightened that beauty. It would in any case be a matter of private preference as to which language is the best.

The fact remains that in all languages the Bible is the best book. In English, for example, the Authorized Version has received impartial and unqualified approval as the best example of English literature extant. Its simplicity and freedom from polysyllabic words are without a doubt largely responsible. Polysyllabic words are created through a long, philological evolution expressly for the hair-splitting scientist. They are no longer metaphorical, being derivations of words originally metaphorical but now held to stand for a concept only by convention. We could not, would not, read the Bible with a dictionary at our elbows. We might better study the dictionary with the Bible as a textbook. Shelley may have been right and the magazine writer wrong, or the latter right and Shelley wrong, but when I read a German Bible I gain neither more nor less than when I read an English Bible. The sounds are essential but they are not the *sine qua non* of beauty in the Bible. To me it seems that, because each language has, or is, a poetry of its own, translation simply changes the poetic symphony by garbing in the dress of one language the matter that was in the other.

Another requisite of poetry laid down by

those who ought or claim to know its suggestiveness. There must be something in poetry upon which the reader can ruminate. The historian is, in this sense at least, not a poet for he tells us all he has learned and having told us leaves us no cud for rumination. And contrarily the Bible is in this sense not a history for we need taste but once and we can ruminate forever. Its metaphors alone have never as yet exhausted my aberrant imagination. Then too, being actually a mere outline of ancient history, the Bible leaves more unsaid than said. The opening chapter of Genesis is to the orthodox and the feeble-minded an all-sufficing tale of the origin of the universe and to the Thomases of the world, scientific or opportunist, a simple tale of what cannot be. Yet scholars like St. Augustine have used their imagination and reason to reconcile science with faith. Philosophers' imaginations were the prerequisites to the theories whereby the "days" of creation are interpreted by some as aons. Imagination here seeks and finds an answer which reason accepts as true. It penetrates into eternities and at last, content, says:

I cannot tell, I do not know,
But 'twas a long long time ago!

And if Genesis affects the imagination so, it cannot be mere history. It is nothing if not poetry. And, were the Bible not poetry, we should not have today the "Divine Comedy," "Paradise Lost" or "The Hound of Heaven." These are accepted as poetry; yet they are only reincarnations of what has been in the Scripture these many centuries.

Imagination has always its reaction in some emotion. Yet by no mental analysis is the emotion of the author put into the hieroglyphics of his poem to be again synthesized by the reader. There seems to be in the sentence, the phrase—yes, the word—a sort of transubstantiation, if so holy a metaphor may be thus profaned, whereby, under the appearance of the communicating medium we call language, emotion is present and waiting for reception without any preliminary reaction. It is the emotion of the Scriptures which is fairly forced upon the reader that obtains so strong a grip on the attention. And therein the Bible is a whole psychological day ahead of say, polyphonic

prose, which through the medium of its tinnabulation suggests a mood and provokes a reaction. The Bible cannot be merely voluptuous by its very nature. "Paradise Lost" and "The Hound of Heaven" are distillations of the Bible and make an appeal for the same reason that the Bible does. The Satanic hatred is what makes "Paradise Lost" so colossal and emotional. In it Lucifer, Beelzebub, Moloch, Belial and the rest are not mere horned imps with arrow-pointed tails and carrying tridents; they are rather the deposed monarchs they really are, awful, mighty, of huge stature. Moloch is described

"a horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that passeth through
fire
To his grim idol."
And Satan himself is one

"in whose choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven."

These very lines themselves breathe hatred of everything good. They *are* hatred and not merely the vehicle of hatred. All in all it is Infinity and what for want of a better word is called religion that gives the emotional appeal to the Bible and all extracts. Imagine if you can the Bible without that Infinity, imagine Sohrab and Rustum stoically indifferent to the infinity awaiting Sohrab, imagine Hamlet without his soliloquies!

A poem is the image of life expressed in its eternal truth. Time has no bearing on poetry because poetry is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature, as existing in the mind of the Creator. Time has no bearing on the Bible; human nature at the times of its writing is only what it is today. Mary Magdalen, St. Thomas, the Prodigal Son, Judas and the Pharisees need not have been actual characters. We have had them always with us, else why the convention of their names? They, like poetry and the Bible story, are universal and eternal.

The essentials of poetry could be taken one by one and the Bible examined with them as standards. Yet one quotation states the case sufficiently well. Professor Ambros, in showing that music, poetry and religious sen-

timent form an eternal triad of the heart, places his finger upon the ultimate reason for poetry in the Bible and in the world since the beginning of time.

"The most remarkable relation between text and music is exhibited by the mass of the Catholic Church. "Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem" and "Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth" are mere intellectual formulæ. And yet what music! from Palestrina's masses, which are as high as the heavens and as broad as the ocean, to the gigantic Gothic structure of Bach's grand mass; from the masses of Haydn "from whom music flowed for the very joy if he but thought on God," to the second mass of Beethoven in which he built beside the Cathedral of St. Stephen another cathedral of tones, even to the very stars! The reason lies elsewhere than in the mere musical genius of the masters, in the great joint art-work, this grand symphonious chord, wherein the single arts form the tones. . . . The Catholic Church has for centuries possessed this joint art-work in the solemn, sacred splendor of its ritual. Behold! architecture has erected a mighty cathedral. Enter into it, invited by the brazen voices of the bells; like gigantic fountains, the slender yet powerful pillars mount upward, meeting each other in the pointed arch in the intricacies of the vaulted arches' ribs. Matter, poetically redeemed from the oppressive weight which drags it down to earth, strikes heavenward! Plastic art has ingeniously adorned the members of the edifice, where a suitable place presented itself, here with strangely intertwined ornamental work in plant forms, there with human forms gazing at you earnestly and solemnly. A strange spirit-world seems to live in the niches of those windows, the same organic ornamental work, the same holy forms that you just saw carved out of stone, gaze on you thence, disembodied, transfigured in glowing colors of fire. And that which has twice before arisen in stone and colors, for a third time arises to your ear, in the tones of the fugal music now solemnly resounding, which in its wonderful tone textures translates the forms of the cathedral surrounding you, and like it cries out to you, "Onward to Heaven" and brings you on its waves those holy hymns composed by di-

vinely inspired poets. And behold! at the altar, enveloped in clouds of incense, in the golden splendor of the priestly vestments, stand consecrated reverent forms, and offer the sacrifice of the new covenant, the Mass, itself a sublime poem in its dramatic development! It is the spirit that lives in this, the truly holy spirit that lends the composer wings, so that he no longer asks, "What can be composed, what not?" but puts it down, large, entire, whatever it may be, speaking with tongues so that everyone imagines that he is listening to his own language, and thinks he understands that which must remain a sacred mystery."

This observation is interesting and I for one swear by it. Place a man where you will, let him read entirely as he lists just so he does not read the Bible, let him think his own earthly thoughts and it is possible that you will find a poetical reaction. But place him only once in a church or where he may commune with the Infinite and the Ultimate, give him the Bible to read, let him think what thoughts occur to him and you cannot but find the poetical reaction. It cannot be otherwise.

Therein I see the ultimate explanation of the Bible as a poem. Therein I see the reason for the genius that was Father Tabb, whose simple quatrains stand with bowed heads just inside the door of the temple of the Muses and beat their breasts.

WITH THE ELITE.

LEO R. WARD, C. S. C.

Miss Paleontology, time out of mind denied the right to vote which, she says, is sacredly and inalienably hers, lately came into her own. She called together upon the occasion all her offspring, the *Studies*, from the venerable personage to the impudent upstart. That right royal burgher, old Sir Ancient Classics, all ruffles and tucks with age and ill-humor, and decked out in a frilled bosom and a starched cravat, served as master of the meats. It was whispered,—chiefly, I believe, among the parvenues,—that the old gentleman is going down hill,—is being ruined, in fact, by snivelling gallants,—and is about ready to lay down the burden. Certain it is

that he made his bows a bit stiffly, and his chirping was quite out of time with the frolicsome chatter of the boys and girls. Music, a great bow at his neck, led the drinking songs, pitching them sky-high, and hic-coughing rhythmically in the choruses. Labor Problems sent a rueful note that he could not come—he had so many things to do!

That pretentious old chap, Sir Ancient Classics could not content himself with the common fare. "Boiled tongue," he bawled out, "is the brand of nobility in meats; give me boiled tongue gravied in paradigms." Others, too, stuck for their finicky notions. The Dowager Duchess, Domestic Science, turned up her nose at everything—avowing that when she should give her party the gravy should not be burned, and the sauce should be tart, etc., etc. That most dainty lass, Miss Botany, looked disdainfully on every dish, till at last, like Oscar Wilde, she dined sumptuously, intoxicated herself, so she declared, on the scene of a rose, receiving the flower with a most prevaricating coyness from the gracious hand of Public Speaking. Anatomy, an extremist—which Study is not?—had fetched in furtively a head dished up—the gripes to him and his progeny!—and on his beginning to nibble at it, the ladies threw up their kerchiefs in horror. Dear old Miss Paleontology is herself a bit peculiar in her dining—everything about her so musty and old-world-like; and she affirmed sadly that when she was young the eating of green vegetables had been the death of many a child.

I don't know which was the least nauseating, the gravied tongue or the hashed head, but I and everybody else, not excepting the Dowager and the rose-drunk maiden, were spared the settlement of that nasty problem, by the sudden appearance of Agriculture. A haggard eye indeed we turned upon his old whiskers—and his hominy and sorghum!—until a jug of peach cider and a flask of dandelion wine made their way out from beneath his great-coat tails. The old mistress, with a modest helping, it is true, condescended to start the bowl, the whole party following in her noble footsteps. Debating and Politics, as I noticed, capsized their goblets in short order and with that assurance and freedom which mark the man of experience. The

former was fairly steaming with garrulity, ready to settle the most momentous questions here and now; the latter promised even more profusely than he drank. The vats, indeed, as Physics affirmed, could have withstood the sudden change in pressure but little longer, had not that Baron who can be so beneficent, Old Meterology, come in time to replenish them copiously with "Rain Water" and "Mountain Dew."

The very natural thing thenceforth came to pass, as the spirits within the vats dropped, those without soared. Sir Classics struggled to his feet. "In these days," said he, and obviously he had been too long in his cups, "in these days of doubtful tenure, when the heir born is likely to be e-e-vic-evicted." Sharp hissing and the clanging of glasses drowned what overflowing spirits had not already drowned of that noble speech, and the old fellow, a trifle broken up, was forced to desist. Philosophy, a hard-headed fellow, who had gone perhaps too deeply into the causes of hilarity, was piqued that he had not been asked for a toast; he arose in spite of better counsel, but, forgetting to address the ladies, he was promptly ushered out of the room by Distributive Justice and Medicine, the latter strongly urging upon him the use of some stimulant. Dame Poetry was then prevailed upon to lighten the scene. She bounced up delighted at the mention of her name, and began rather airily to speak of the nectar of the gods, but plainly she too was a trifle worse for the brew of mortals.

The Baron of Barons, then, Sir Lantern-jawed Geology, rose to make the speech of the evening. He began handsomely with a neat bow to the ladies and a stern glance which set the sober heart of every man in a flutter. "As I reveled in my sparkling unmentionable here this evening," he diplomatically began, and a very torrent of applause stopped him; "as I feasted with the fairest and the bravest, I beheld in my wassail bowl two scratches, slight, tortuous, indefinite; yet they danced before my eyes so that I unhesitatingly predict that, given ten thousand years, I shall trace the first ten thousand and one years of the woman-suffrage movement."

The old lord drew breath after that mighty period, and looked around for deserved applause; and beyond a doubt it would have

been showered upon him, as the ladies were evoking a tremendous "rah rah." But just then and most unhappily, Henry George Economics, not used to full sail, and being out of his depth, was about to flounder with all on board. Sagacious Politics, however, took the helm and steered the close-fisted craft past the rocks to safer waters. At the same time the mistress herself frightened beyond measure, and every moment expecting the roof to fall in, ran creaking out of the room; the Dowager tip-toed after; both Miss Botany and Dame Poetry were carried out limp as rags, and Miss Ornithology went fluttering out of the window.

Then, indulgent reader, see what the timid ones missed: Politics unceremoniously made himself the hospitable host, and Meteorology and Agriculture, his chief stewards; and the drinking bout began.

SOCIAL ABILITY.

A. E. HUGUENARD.

Gee! Mother, there ain't no one got the edge on me since I bought the Etiquettish Encyclopedia for three dollars and fifty-two cents. When I was at the Millar's dinner-dance, I saw that there Miss Mygatt pull some of the worst fox passes. Why, she's been highbrowin' me for the longest time. Thought I wasn't good enough for her. You ought to see her yesterday. She didn't hardly do nothin' right. When she saw me step-pin' right forward and doin' things that only people who has etikwet can do you should a seen her blush. Maybe, I didn't give her the Elsie Ferguson stare. If there is anything I hate is a person who thinks she knows it all like she.

When the introductions was passed around, I had every one of them right there on my fingers' tips. "I'm pleased to meet you," I said to Mr. Rhae. When I met Mr. Ferguson, I remembered that one: "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance." Maybe that didn't get away big? To that good-lookin' Henro Moulin, I said, "I am glad to know you." All the time I was springin' fresh ones on them. None of that repeatin' the same thing for me. Variety's the spice of life, and nobody is goin' to say I ain't got no life in me.

Ever' minute I was up and doin' somethin' at the party while the Mygatt girl just sat around quiet as a mouse, afraid to make a move for fear it would be wrong. But I wasn't. Confidence was in me, everything I did. When we came to the dinner table, I was the ultra of perfection. Instead of openin' my napkin wide out and usin' it like a tent, I just unfolded it once like the book said. And I laid my knife, just like Miss Holt said, across the edge of my plate, and not on the tablecloth like we do at home. Gee! wouldn't I a been mortified if I hadn't read the chapter on "Etiquette at the Table." Wouldn't it a been terrible if I'd laid my knife on the tablecloth. Ever'body would sleeve at me, and I wouldn't been invited to sleeev at me, and I wouldn't been invited to no more parties.

When I sat down and saw the roll in the napkin, I wasn't surprised, and you should a seen how dainty I broke off pieces of the roll, and never made a crumb like some of the girls. And the olives and asparagus, I was prepared for them. I had a sneakin' hunch they would be served—they usually are—and I read up specially how to eat them. I wasn't a bit afraid to use my fork on the asparagus and I let the tips lies on my plate like the book says you should.

I had a close shave with the salad, though. I couldn't cut the darned stuff with my fork, it was so tough. Wunst, it nearly slipped off with all the mayonaise on it, and was I scared? I'll tell the world I was. But I fooled them. When no one was lookin' I cut it up with my knife and then things went slick. That Mygatt girl took a second helpin', although she should a known better than to do it. That's her funeral, not mine. I knew my stuff and did the correct thing.

When it came to dance, you should a seen how many people didn't know how to make introductions. The fellows were constantly presenting us to them, instead of presentin' themselves to us like Miss Holt says one should. One dunce wanted to pull me across the ball-room to introduce me to some one and I told him right then and there what a fox pass he pulled. The idea of him humiliatin' a lady by walkin' her over to meet a man.

As we were puttin' on our things, Mrs.

Millar offered to help one of the men put on his coat. I was surprised that one who does so much entertainin' should be so dumb. Miss Holt says it's an atrocity to do such a thing. When we came down from the dressin' room, Miss Graham skipped down ahead of her fella and I thought she knew better 'n' that. I'll bet those people learned a lesson from my conduct yesterday. They couldn't a spent their time better than watchin' me, and if they did they'd know their berries.

MISERERE.

When, Lord, friends' well-intentioned plaudits go
Abroad as heralds, there to laud some bent
That is not mine but only to me lent,
A grace, in me to flourish and to grow,
And when, from such esteem, my thoughts may show
Too litle joy in true toil rightly spent,
Too great a measure of vain self-content,
I need but conjure up the past, and lo!
Then, Lord, that introspective faculty
That gives the lie to ostentatious stir,
Awakens within and makes me quickly see
I, too, am but a whited sepulchre:
So that I edge, with head in fear down-pressed,
Into Thy presence while I beat my breast.

L. V. B.

EASTER IN IRELAND.

Verdure tenants the moorlands,
And cloud-fleets float the sky.
A peat-hag smiles in the distance;
A lark rains song on high.
Kittiwakes ride in the offing,
And breakers leap ashore.
The chalk cliffs gleam in the morning light,
Breasting the glad sea's roar.
Dawn, chanting scarlet music,
On the parapets of Spring,
Floods the land with liquid melody,
And wakes the world to sing. C. S. CROSS.

IT CAN BE DONE.

When you have a task before you,
Just because it isn't fun,
Don't give up until you've tried it,
Don't you think it can't be done.
Work is heavy, work is toilsome,
And you sure can't make it light,
Just by sitting down and dreaming,
Just by watching others fight.
Show your spirit, fly your colors,
Work and labor till you've won,
Then you'll find it was quite easy,
Then you'll say it can be done.

J. J. MET

THE BEST IS YET TO BE.

R. E. LIGHTFOOT

It was late in September and the park near the hospital where I had been confined for months, was all aglow with the sombre colors of autumn. Some would have called it beautiful, and no doubt it was, but the sight of those leaves, tinged with subdued and melancholy colors, was depressing. To me September was melancholy rather than beautiful; or should I say that it presented a melancholy beauty.

I had been walking for about a half an hour and was becoming fatigued. I found myself looking for a bench where I might rest before going any farther. As I rounded a curve in the path which was strewn with fallen leaves my attention was suddenly drawn by an old man seated on a bench a few feet in front of me.

His aged head was crowned with a mass of white hair that gleamed like silver when struck by the sun. His flowing beard, too, was white as snow. His complexion kept a ruddy glow. His hat which was tilted back on his head exposed a high and well shaped forehead. His nose was finely molded, a type commonly seen among Bavarians. As I drew near I could see that his eyes were of a rich blue, and round them were gathered innumerable wrinkles. Yet they were seemingly not the wrinkles of age. I felt when noticing the complacent and benignant expression on his face that those wrinkles could have come only from a radiant personality.

As I saw him sitting there in the soft glow of the sun that was just dipping in the west, his hands resting on his cane which he held in front of him, his black hat accentuating the whiteness of his hair, an almost forgotten phrase came into my mind—"The majesty of age."

I sat down and soon found myself musing on the different ways in which Fate had dealt with us. The man beside me was old, yet judging from appearances he seemed in good health. His face was lighted with the kind of expression that is a reflection only of a radiant inner nature. I was young, yet depressed almost to the point of despondency from long months spent in hospitals.

The old man's voice, which was singularly

soft and rich, broke the momentary silence following our greetings.

"The warmth of the sun feels good today, doesn't?" he said.

I was in no mood to talk but replied that the warmth of the sun was pleasant.

"Autumn is the most beautiful season of the year," he continued.

"Yes," I replied, wondering why autumn gave him so much pleasure.

"The past summer was a most delightful one, don't you think?" he conjectured.

Rather than disagree I said that it had been.

During the time I had been sitting there beside the old man I had noticed that he had turned his head only a few times. He seemed to be staring steadfastly at something directly in front of him.

He rambled on discussing with intense interest what seemed to me were the most commonplace and trivial things. He seemed to be interested in every thing, and his mind seemed to be permeated with optimism. He was particularly interested in the subject of flowers, and as he rose to go, lamented the fact that they were gone.

"Even though I cannot see them, I can keep them in my mind's eye," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, well, I fooled you didn't I?" he chuckled. "You did not know that I was blind, did you?"

I watched him tottering down the path feeling his way with his cane, until he was lost in the deepening shadows of the trees. The almost inaudible words, "He is blind—yet he sees," fell from my lips.

 THY WILL BE DONE.

Not in dumb resignation

We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerveless fatalist

Content to trust and die.

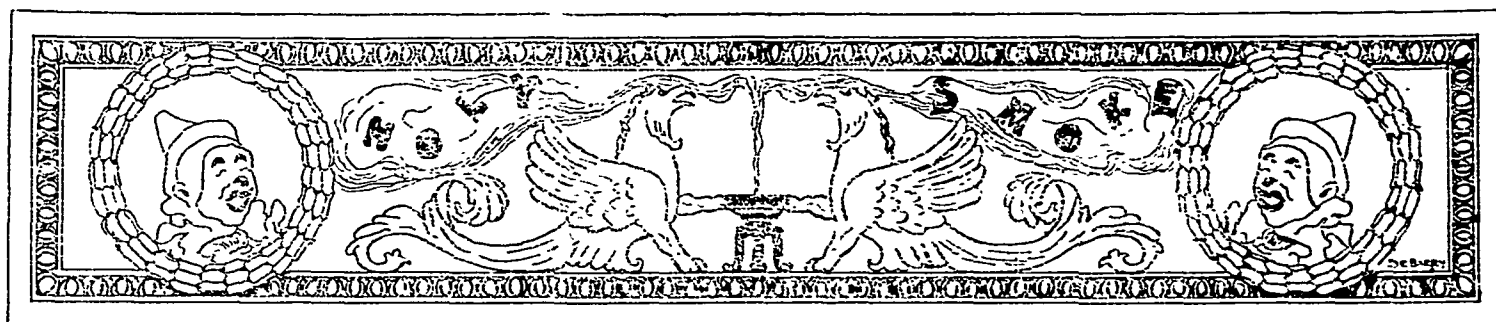
Our faith springs like the eagle

Who soars to meet the sun,

And cries exulting unto Thee,

O Lord, Thy will be done!

R. E. G.—



O! THE ABSENT LAUNDRY BOX.

Lord knows I cannot sing today
With you 300 miles from me.
My soul is ill when you're away.
Lord knows I cannot sing today.
None but a villain could be gay.
In dirty undergarmentrie;
Lord knows I cannot sing today
With you 300 miles from me.

FUNNY.

They have asked me, they have
To write something funny.
Well the funniest thing
I saw today
Was an old man with one leg
Who walked with crutches
Along the boulevard.
He stopped at the corner,
Afraid to cross the street
And a tall, husky young man,
A very handsome young man
Came up to him—
And with two deft motions
Pulled away the crutches,
And the old man fell down
Hitting his head on a mail-box
And the young man laughed,
And I laughed—
I thought I'd die laughing.
Wasn't that the funniest thing?

Where there's a girl, there's '—l.

When Johnny U. Tellum was dead,
(For none believed what he said),
"Here on the pyre,
Rests my old lyre,"
His father engraved o'er his head.

J. J. MET.

Doubting (to gentleman who runs into him):
"Where do you get that stuff?"
Thomas: "Hic! Do you smell anything?"

Prof: "What was Marie Antoinette?"
Essor (reminiscently): "Twins."

I began with a book,
And I ended with dreaming;
In a quiet little nook,
I began with a book:
But I happened to look
Into eyes that were beaming;
I began with a book,
And I ended with dreaming.

She is only a child
Who has taken my heart;
A soul undefiled,—
She is only a child:
When I met her she smiled,—
Now we never shall part;
She is only a child
Who has taken my heart.

FRANK TYLER.

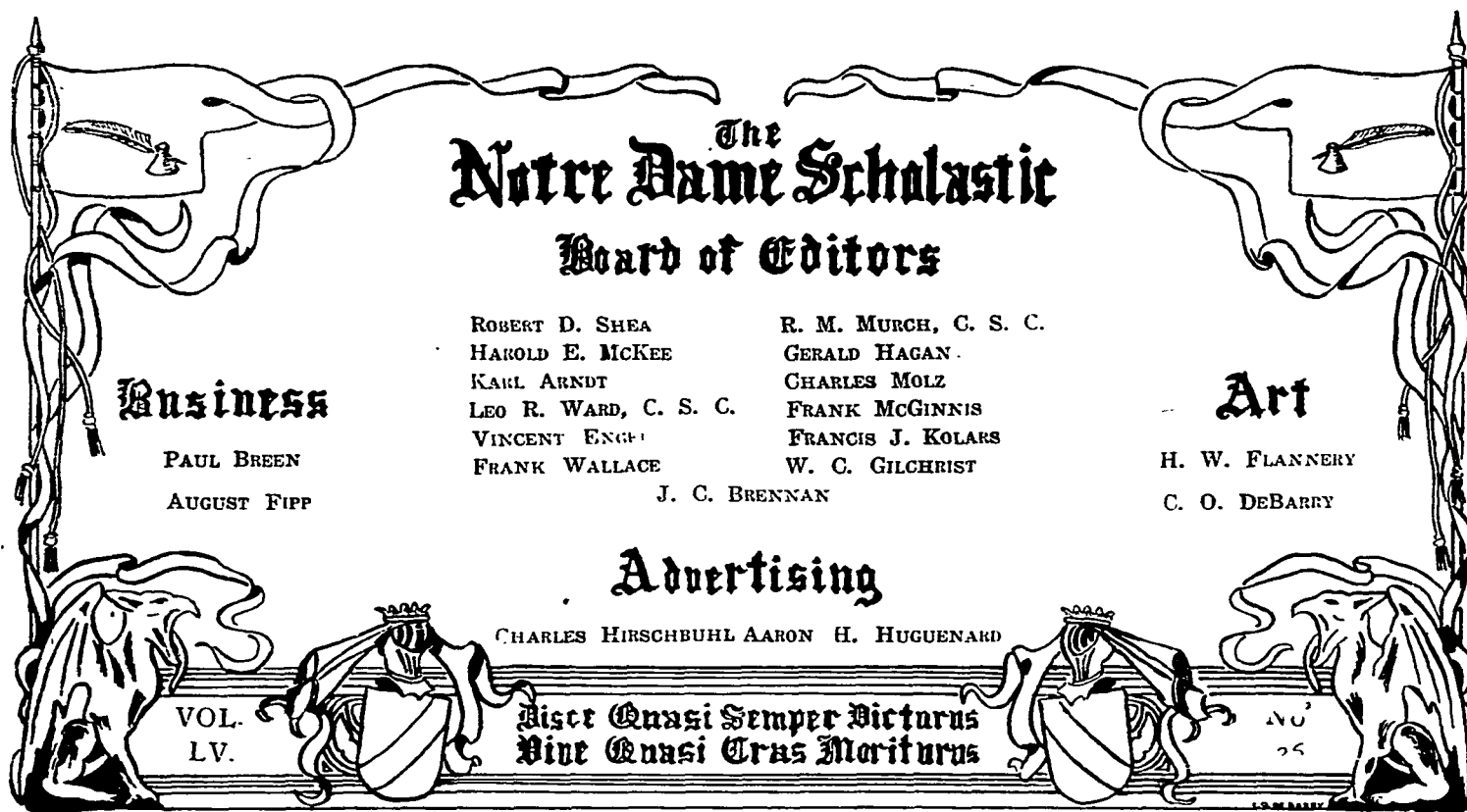
"Where is my dainty dentifrice?"
The maiden shrieked aloud.
"I'll be your Rexall way, Eunice,"
Said Rexie, as he bowed.

There was a student in Sorin
Whom the prefect discovered a-snorin'
"I beg you to rise!"
Coaxed the rector so wise,
"I'm soarin'" said Snorin' in Sorin.

SAWDUST.

When once through Notre Dame I passed
I met a youth who hurried past
And bore a banner which did own
That maxim to all good men known,
"Sawdust."
He looked him here, he looked him there—
I'm durned but he looked him everywhere.
"We can," he cried, "we can and must.
Make all men love this word or bust,"
"Sawdust."
His eyes were to the tree-tops cast
They scorned the lovely winter blast;
He shook his fist at Science Hall,
He shook his fist and that was all,
"Sawdust."
"They must not ring the bell tonight,
They dare not wink a single light."
And well he spoke, that noble youth,
Who bore the honored flag of truth,
"Sawdust."

ENGELS.



Shakespeare, though he was vocal with words, never used *bunco*, and Cleopatra, though she threw a wicked petting party, didn't belong to the THE ROYAL BUNCO "Shifters." It was never DRESSED UP. necessary to wear galoshes along the Nile, so that Cleopatra missed being a flapper by a buckle or two. It would never have occurred to her to be a "Shifter," therefore. As a matter of fact, though, (you can learn this in Carroll Hall) not all "Shifters" wear earrings and carry vanity bags.

The "Shifters" are the swiftest growing organization in America today. They number more college men and women than all the fraternities and sororities put together, largely because the initiation ceremony satisfies all the requirements for polite bunco. It is hardly going too far to say that the "Shifters" 'are bunco in full dress. Put a Prince Albert on Happy Hooligan and you have the same thing. In both cases, the bunco still shows.

If a couple of Malayan explorers searching among the ruins of ancient twentieth century civilization in, say, the year 9821 A. D., discover a record of two of the "Shifters," they will have a good key to our times. They won't have to study the *Literary Digest* as a source book. They can consign it and *Current History* to the waters of the Chicago drainage canal. They will understand with-

out these our predilections for buncoing ourselves and buncoing others.

Of course, if you're not a member of the great fraternity and someone asks, "Are you a Shifter?" say "Yes" and wiggle your ears. Then reply, "Let's initiate the next fellow for the drinks." MOLZ.

Who is the Notre Dame man? Undoubtedly there are many of us who have not as yet obtained a clearly defined idea of him. The appellation is never heard by those who understand its significance without exciting an emotion of just pride; but to the average person it perhaps means nothing more than Spencer's noumenon meant to him. The extension of the term includes the entire student body of Notre Dame, among whom even the college hobo is given a place; but if there be any such, their ephemeral presence must be attributed to the accidents of registration. They came from nowhere and are going—nowhere. On the other hand, the comprehension of the term, and it is up to each one of us to see that its comprehension be not cramped within lesser bounds than its extension, recalls to mind a struggle, a bit of history, and a venerable institution whose purpose is the development of exemplar Christian gentlemen, noble of mind, gentle of

heart, and firm of purpose. These qualities mark the true Notre Dame man. The man whose four years at school will be years of infinite profit; who, when he receives the coveted sheep-skin, concrete reminder of those years, will go out into the world with poise and bearing, his vision unobscured by the hideous, grinning Yoricks of misspent time and opportunity. This, we believe, is the Notre Dame man.

J. MCB.

The recent action of Will Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, in placing a ban on Arbuckle productions has created much comment, pro and con. It is the first decisive step taken by the new official in his movie clean-up campaign and the theatre-going public will watch the results with interest.

For the last few years the tendency of the movie people has been to put before the public only such pictures as will excite in a suggestive way; from the financial standpoint of the producers such pictures have been very successful, but the resulting effect upon the minds of the people has been degrading almost to the extreme. Realizing that even a gullible public may become antagonized, the picture interests took means to establish a higher standard in their industry. An office of general supervisor was created and given to a man of good standing.

There are several serious problems confronting Mr. Hays, and in dealing with them he will have to contend with public opinion and with America's largest industry. Perhaps his most important task will be the reinstatement of commendable movies. It is true that many worth-while productions have fallen by the wayside for lack of patronage. An editorial in *Photoplay Magazine* points to an instance of this in the play "Sentimental Tommy," "admitted as being one of the most beautiful and most faithfully produced pictures of all time." It was not a financial success because the public has been so accustomed to movies of inferior standing that it has forgotten the moral value that may be attached to a picture.

If Mr. Hays can "bring back" the public to an appreciation of the finer things in

movie art, and can induce the moving picture industry to produce good plays, then he will surely justify his position. He is striving to eliminate all causes for censorship of moving pictures, and if he succeeds in doing this he will have accomplished much for the betterment of our present American civilization.

C. J. H.

PLAYERS.

On Friday night Henry Barnhart and Steve Willson, premier "collegiate statesmen" of the campus led the Players Club on its first out-of-town date of the season. Fort Wayne, Indiana furnished the setting for the club's performance of Edward E. Kidder's famous play "Peaceful Valley." The production was given under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus of Fort Wayne in order to raise funds with which to purchase a radiograph for the Council chamber. (Have you a little "radio" in your mind? Ask Willson, he knows.)

Much interest was shown in last night's production as it was the initial appearance of a Notre Dame Players Club in Fort Wayne. An added touch of local interest was taken in the appearance of Edward Lennon, of Fort Wayne and a junior in the Law college, who played the part of "Jotham Ford," the hotel keeper. Ed first displayed unusual ability in playing the part of "Thaddius Trask" in the famous one-act play "The Clod."

The part of "Andrews," the villain, was taken by Al Scott, famous on the campus for his activities in things theatrical. Oscar Lavery of Bridgeport, Conn., played the leading role of "Hosea Howe," a simple honest country lad who is working his way through college and supporting his mother, "Phyllis Howe." The latter role was played by Stephan Willson, president of the Players Club. The very fine characterization of these two parts won the immediate favor of the audience. Clifford Randall displayed exceptional talent in his impersonation of "Virgie Rand," the juvenile lead. George LeSage played the part of "Niobe Farquhar," and Bion Vogle took the part of "Martha," daughter of Phyllis Howe. The remainder of

the cast was made up of Bernard Foley as "Leonard Rand," Frank McGinnis as "Jack Farquhar," John Lynch as "Charley Rand," and Jack Higgins as "Wilson."

The club will give a performance for the benefit of the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus during the first week of May.

IN MEMORIAM.

The sudden death of their father called home on Tuesday Raymond Murch of Moreau Seminary and Orville Murch of the Novitiate. The faculty and the student body are asked in their charity to pray for the repose of Mr. Murch's soul.

The death of Captain A. C. ("Pop") Anson, removes from the world of baseball one of its most picturesque figures, from the larger sphere of society an amiable and courteous figure, and from the history of Notre Dame, a genial and long-to-be-remembered face.

UNDER THE DOME.

J. P. McEvoy, nationally known newspaper humorist, addressed the students in the Arts and Letters college in Washington Hall, last week. Mr. McEvoy was formerly a student at Notre Dame and his interesting talk had an added interest for that reason.

Discussing "How to Write," the humorist gave some clever and laugh-provoking sidelights upon journalistic humor. Humorous verse, clever paragraphing and other forms of written humor were illustrated by Mr. McEvoy's own examples. He has contributed to all these divisions of the subject and his name ranks among the foremost press humorists of the day. Coming from a man who has had experience and achieved success, the talk was both entertaining and instructive and the audience gave the speaker much attention and applause.

The last week has witnessed the departure of several Varsity organizations on extended tours. Baseball and its heroes receive attention in another column of this issue. We hope to give, next week, some account of the Glee Club pilgrimage. Within the near fu-

ture the Players' Club hopes to depart for an expedition of conquest.

The Fort Wayne-Notre Dame Club shone socially, Easter Monday, April 17, 1922, at the Anthony Hotel, Fort Wayne, Indiana. The entertainment took the form of a dance, given by the present Summit City students in honor of the old Notre Dame men. The ball room and mezzanine of the hotel were draped in N. D. blankets and banners; flowers were in profusion. A little touch of the original was present in the sixth dance, when the ball room was darkened, a spot light played on a miniature but most realistic Dome, and the Victory March was sung. The programs contained a dedicatory page, "To Those Who Have Dwelt Beneath the Dome." The dances were named after the halls. Dr. and Mrs. Dinnen, Judge and Mrs. Eggeman, Mr. and Mrs. Haley, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmartin were chaperons.

It is awfully difficult to fill the space usually dedicated to the events which happen, supposedly at least, on the campus when that campus has been deserted—almost as deserted as the village which all of us memorized in the happy days of childhood. Holy Week found the renouncer of cigarettes and the devotee of dances in a more optimistic frame of mind; it left those whose parents settled too far away from Notre Dame rather more pessimistic though cheerful under pressure. All the major services of the Church were carried out with solemnity and inspiring beauty; Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday are, perhaps, the most interesting days of the liturgical year. In the more earthly world, this vacation marked the correction of almost innumerable examination papers, the opening of the gymnasium tennis courts, and the attempt on the part of a few courageous individuals to advance the swimming season. Easter Sunday was an ideal day for the rabbit and the parade. Seldom if ever has there been a finer natural setting for new bonnets and other paraphernalia. On the night of this day, however, the floodgates opened and the thunder came and the wind arose, bidding fair to frighten the few remaining inhabitants of Badin almost out of their few remaining wits. Thus,

with tranquil ease, did vacation move to its destined close, to the procession of suit-cases and top-coats and melancholy owners thereof past the statue of Father Sorin to their trundle-beds.

MEMORABLE MEN.

George B. Waage, famed old-time N. D. miler, is re-organizing a veneer mill at Drake, South Carolina.

Reverend John M. Gerenda, student 1908-1910, is now pastor of the Church of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, Barberton, Ohio.

Louis H. Hellert, a Lawyer of '16, is associated in the practice of his noble profession, with Attorney John A. Blevins, St. Louis, Missouri.

The marriage of Miss Mildred Eileen McGrath to Mr. T. J. Hoban took place in St. Mary's Church, Elgin, Illinois, Wednesday, April 19th, 1922.

The following letter written by an eminent friend of Notre Dame to endorse the Endowment Campaign has just been made public:

June 8, 1921.

My dear Father Burns:

I understand that the General Education Board has agreed to give Notre Dame University \$250,000.00, provided \$750,000.00 can be raised by the University and its many friends.

Having visited the University on several occasions, I have realized the splendid work it has done and the tremendous possibilities for the future, together with the almost absolute need of increased facilities in this institution, situated as it is in the Central West and being the logical place for the education of so many of our young men in that part of the country. I cannot overstate my estimate of the importance of meeting this situation in the quickest possible way, and if there is any way in which I could aid this commendable undertaking, I hope you will not hesitate to call on me.

Certainly, no one who has the interests of the education of our youth at heart can fail to give this movement all possible support.

Wishing you perfect success in your undertaking, and the quick realization of your hopes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

W. S. BENSON.

Rev. James A. Burns,
Notre Dame University,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The following reminiscences of a "great old graduate" are culled from the Chicago magazine, *The Five Hundred Thousand*:

Mark M. Foote looks back over the expanse of years since '73, when he was the first graduate of the University of Notre Dame to receive the Quan medal, which each year since has been awarded to a senior graduate, and smilingly says:

"When I get to talking about Notre Dame I don't know when to stop."

Indulging in reminiscences, Mr. Foote said: "You see, I've known the old school for so many years, watched its growth and been proud of its achievements. It's history is a part of my life."

"When I was a boy in Burlington, Iowa, my father, Mark S. Foote, decided that Notre Dame should be the place where I would receive my education, although he was not a Catholic."

"He came down with me and we saw old Father Sorin. That was in 1865, just after the close of the war, and I was filled with ambition to be a member of a military band. There was one at Notre Dame, and I hoped to get into it. All students, except 'minims,' the very small boys, were eligible."

"Father Sorin put my name down on the register, 'sized me up,' and said, partly to himself, 'Minims, I suppose.'"

"'Oh, no, no,' said I, hastily, 'I want to be in the band.' Father Sorin decided I was just big enough to be out of the 'minims' class, so I got into the band."

"I became a Catholic while I was at Notre Dame. Later my mother came into the church, and my father on his death bed embraced the faith."

Mr. Foote has been present at the silver, golden and diamond jubilee celebrations at Notre Dame. He is a member of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago.

As a member of the executive committee, Mr. Foote is an active worker for the success of the campaign. His son Mark A., is in this year's graduating class.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

BLUE GRASS CLIPPINGS.

That much discussed spring training trip through Kentucky and Southern Ohio which the baseball team is making this year under the direction of Coach Walter Halas began under the most doubtful circumstances but soon resolved into a victorious tour for Notre Dame. Beforehand all dopesters were agreed upon two things: that the gold and blue had a very ordinary baseball team in the first place, and that it was the weakest hitting team that had represented the school in decades in the second. The fallacy of both conclusions was exposed when the Halasmen opened up by winning four straight games, making 38 hits in the first three. The box

scores of the fourth game were not available at the time the SCHOLASTIC went to press. No less than 37 runs were made in those four contests by Notre Dame, and most of them were made against pitchers of creditable reputations throughout collegiate circles. The most conclusive example of the power of this year's team came on Wednesday when our players made 18 hits off the curves of the University of Louisville twirlers, the famous Thurman being knocked out of the box in the seventh inning. Thurman is the same man who pitched ten innings against Georgetown a week previously, and allowed but one hit.

On Thursday, the team played at Lexington, Kentucky, against the State University nine. Friday found them in Ohio, meeting St. Xavier's at Cincinnati, and Saturday they wound up the training jaunt against the University of Dayton at Dayton. The first game of the regular schedule will be played Monday on Cartier Field with Wisconsin.

That Coach Halas was pleased with the showing of his men on this trip goes without saying. In all departments, hitting, fielding and pitching, they performed beyond his expectations. He declares that the men are fit and ready to meet the best of 'em, so let the best of 'em come on. It looks like a glorious baseball season for the gold and blue.

I.

Notre Dame opened the spring training trip Sunday afternoon with a 7-1 victory over the St. Mary's team in a snappy game in which the South Bend team displayed near mid-season form. Falvey, in the box for the Irish, had a great day, fanning 11 men, and keeping the eight hits so scattered that the St. Mary's team was never dangerous. Notre Dame hit hard and timely, and played errorless ball in the field. Blievernicht showed the way to his team mates, scoring the first run of the season ahead of Prokop on a clean single by Chuck Foley in the second inning. Sheehan, with three hits, took the batting honors, two of his hits driving in runs.

Coach Halas was well pleased with the showing of the team in its initial contest. Every member of the nine displayed lots of pep, and played good baseball every minute.

Both teams stood at silent attention for one minute before opening the game in memory of Capt. A. C. Anson, who captained Notre Dame in 1867. The score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	C	E
Sheehan, s. s. -----	0	3	2	0
Reese, 1b. -----	0	0	10	0
Kane, 3b. -----	0	1	4	0
Blievernicht, c. -----	3	2	11	0
Prokop, r. f. -----	2	2	2	0
Kelly, c. f. -----	0	0	0	0
Castner, l. f. -----	0	1	0	0
C. Foley, l. f. -----	1	2	2	0
D. Foley, 2b. -----	1	0	3	0
Falvey, p. -----	0	1	3	0
Totals -----	7	12	37	0
ST. MARY'S	R	H	C	E
Odaniel, l. f. -----	1	0	2	0
Simmes, c. -----	0	1	11	0
Kowalski, p. -----	0	1	3	0
Kols, 1b. -----	0	1	12	0
Rydzewski, s. s. -----	0	1	8	1
Baylin, r. f. -----	0	2	1	0
Blair, c. f. -----	0	1	2	0
Dudine, 2b. -----	0	1	4	0
Jarboe, 3b. -----	0	0	6	0
Zorilla, x. -----	0	0	0	0
Totals -----	1	8	39	1

II.

Paul Castner, a big southpaw from Notre Dame, stepped into the box against St. Mary's Monday, and during nine innings allowed six scattered hits, fanned an even dozen men and looked to be the best pitcher seen on the Lebanon Field for years, in a game which the Irish won 5 to 3. It was the second game with Notre Dame played on its spring training trip. The outcome was in doubt until the final inning when Sheehan drove a long single to center, scoring Gene Murphy and Dan Foley ahead of him.

Baylin pitched superb ball for St. Mary's, fanning 11 men and giving but two bases on balls. Kowalski hit well for the home team, getting two hits, a walk, and scoring two runs. Notre Dame scored in the first inning, when, with two men out, Kane tripled to left and Capt. Blievernicht brought him home with a single.

Halas switched his line-up as expected, bringing Blievernicht to first base, while Murphy caught. Reese, Kelly and Prokop worked in the outfield.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	C	E
Sheehan, s. s. -----	0	1	5	0
Prokop, c. f. -----	1	2	0	1
Kane, 3b. -----	2	1	1	0
Blievernicht, 1b. -----	0	1	12	0
Castner, p. -----	0	0	4	0
Thomas, 3b. -----	0	1	1	0
Kelley, r. f. -----	0	0	1	0
Reese, l. f. -----	0	0	0	0
Foley, D., 2b. -----	1	2	3	1
Murphy, c. -----	1	0	10	0

Totals -----	5	8	37	2
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ST. MARY'S	R	H	C	E
O'Daniel, l. f. -----	0	0	1	0
Simmes, c. -----	0	0	1	1
Kowaliski, r. f. -----	2	2	1	1
Kost, 1b. -----	0	1	2	1
Rydzewski, 1b. -----	0	1	1	2
Baylin, p. -----	0	2	10	0
Blair, c. f. -----	1	1	1	0
Murray, 3b. -----	0	0	0	0
Sweeney, s. s. -----	0	0	0	0
Dudin, 2b. -----	0	0	3	1
Zonlla, x. -----	0	0	0	0

Totals -----	3	5	38	6
--------------	---	---	----	---

Score by innings:	R	H	E
Notre Dame -----1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2	5	8	2
St. Mary's-----1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0	3	6	3

III.

Notre Dame continued its hitting streak against the University of Louisville Tuesday, smashing out 18 hits and easily winning the third game of its spring training trip, 13-4. The dope that the Irish were to have a weak batting team this spring was conclusively refuted, when the sticks of Kane, Blievernicht and Castner aided by their teammates, drove Thurman, the Louisville pitcher ace, from the mound in the seventh inning. Thurman was reputed to be one of the best college pitchers in Kentucky, having held the Georgetown college nine to one hit in ten innings. Blievernicht found him for four clean bingles, Kane, Thomas and Dan Foley for two, while Paul Castner climaxed a hitting afternoon with two home runs.

"Red" Mageveny, pitching his first varsity game for Notre Dame, performed splendidly during the five innings that Coach Halas kept him on the mound. He allowed but one hit and no runs during that time and then, as the Irish were safely in the lead, Halas sent in Ratchford, another recruit whom he was anxious to try out. Mageveny fanned six men.

Notre Dame scored in the first inning, when with Sheehan and Kane on the bases, Capt. Blievernicht singled to left field. Two runs were scored, and the next inning, Castner added another to the total by driving an inshoot over the right field fence. In the third, the Halasmen turned loose, and with Prokop, Blievernicht, Thomas and the two Foleys doing the batting, scored five runs. Thurman settled down, however, and pitched improved ball until the seventh inning, when a volley of hits drove him from the mound.

Halas brought Blievernicht back to the catching job yesterday, placed Prokop on first base, and sent Castner, Foley and Thomas into the outfield. This combination is the best he has tried so far, and it will probably be the permanent one. Whenever Castner pitches, Prokop will go to the outfield, Blievernicht play first base, and Gene Murphy do the backstopping.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sheehan, s. s. -----	3	3	1	0	2	0
Prokop, 1b. -----	6	1	2	12	0	0
Kane, 3b. -----	4	1	2	0	2	0
Blievernicht, c. -----	4	2	4	7	0	1
Castner, cf -----	5	2	2	2	1	1
Thomas, rf. -----	5	1	2	0	0	0
C. Foley, lf. -----	5	0	1	0	0	0
D. Foley, 2b. -----	4	1	2	4	1	0
Mageveny, p. -----	3	1	1	0	3	0
Ratchford, p. -----	1	0	0	0	2	0
Murphy, c. -----	1	0	0	2	0	0
Reese, 3b. -----	1	1	0	0	0	0
Degree, cf. -----	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals -----	45	13	18	27	11	2

U. OF LOUISVILLE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Hall, s. s. -----	4	0	1	0	6	1
Bush, c. f. -----	4	0	1	1	0	0
Osborne, 1b. -----	4	1	2	12	0	1
Kinsel, rf. -----	4	1	1	0	0	0
Thurman, p. -----	3	0	0	0	2	1
Watters, p. -----	1	0	0	0	1	0
Bohannon, 3b -----	3	1	0	3	0	0
Atkins, lf -----	2	0	0	0	0	0
Darman, lf. -----	2	0	0	0	0	0
Craig, c. -----	4	1	3	8	0	0
Pryor, 2b. -----	1	0	0	3	4	0
Totals -----	32	4	8	28	13	3

Score by innings:	R	H	E
Notre Dame -----	215010304—13	18	2
U. of Louisville -----	000001003—4	8	3

ENGELS.

CHANGE

By McGINNIS.

A recent regulation established at the University of Denver requires a student who has missed a number of classes to pay two dollars and take a special examination from the professor before he can be readmitted to the class. No matter how plausible the excuse is it will not be accepted.

Ohio State University has a new course. It is cheer-leading. The plan originated among the members of the athletic house and provides for a squad of ten men to lead the cheering. Of these ten one will be a Senior, the leader of the group, three shall be Juniors and six shall be Sophomores. A course of instruction will be given the applicants and at the end of the term the highest ten men in the class will be selected to lead the cheering for next year.

By way of relief from the rigour of Lent two dances are to be given at the Drake the week after Easter. On Monday night the Alumnae of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods will give a dance which a goodly number of Notre Dame men will attend, and on Tuesday night the Chicago Club will give one of their notable informals.

The Daily Northwestern of Northwestern University states in headlines "Syllabus Cover Excepted Staff Wants More Snaps." That's nothing, we know of another staff that wants more snaps.

By a line in the Daily Iowan we note that the men of the college are signing up for courses in life saving and canoeing. The life-saving is all right, but how can it be that men have to be taught canoeing. We always understood that the canoeing instinct was born in a man much the same as the instinct which usually accompanies it.

There is not a single Notre Dame man who does not go to meetings of some kind or other and there is not a single Notre Dame man who *does not* go to meetings of some kind or other. Therefore, as a sort of nudge into the path of duty and humanness we repeat the follow:

THE MISSING COMMITTEE MEMBER.

"The meeting will please come to order. Let's see, who are the other members of this board?" It invariably happens; the board meeting or the committee session is held among a great many vacant chairs. Students do not have time to attend the meetings; they are doing something else; they forgot about it; they were not needed at the meeting; they are not interested in this particular project;

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they tried to make it, but were not there in time, these are the excuses offered for the failure to complete a quorum or for the postponement of a committee report. Are they satisfactory?

The queer thing about it is that the person who is really busy and is doing things is the person who is always present at the meetings. The faculty members are much better attenders at meetings than are the students; the student who actually has a great amount of work to do has his own organized so that he can be at a meeting at the time designated. It is the loafer, the idler, the procrastinator, the irresponsible person, who does not attend the board and committee meetings rather than the one who is rightly called the busy man.

Exchange.

Back on March 3rd, Iowa University began a drive for \$1,000,000 for a Memorial Union building on the campus. The students were solicited by 150 of the campus leaders and within three days of the start of the drive, with but one-third of the campus covered the subscriptions had reached \$100,000. The students have done great work in the drive and a few more months will see the Iowa campus with a nice new Union building.

Indiana University is planning a very extensive and expensive program for the 1922 commencement which is to be known as the Memorial commencement. A meadow is to be dammed to make a lake for swimming feats, boat races and other aquatic events, while from a platform in the center of the lake the strains of the University band will waft sweetly o'er the waters. A horseback riding contest among the women of the University will be staged to amuse all the ex-service men present and circus animals may be brought from West Baden to amuse the present college students. Athletic carnivals, refreshments and fireworks complete the program. It is thought probable that a tented city will be erected to accommodate the numerous guests who will be present for the exercises.

A motion picture has recently been released by Pathe News Service showing the Northwestern professors giving psychology tests to Evanston school children. The picture shows the professors giving tests to the children by means of newly invented machines which record rapidity of motion, pitch, appreciation of harmony, visual and auditory reactions and also the time between the receipt of a stimulus to action and the action itself. The machines, according to the professors, show that a great advance is being made by science toward the predetermination of vocational inclination.

Headline in a college paper: "Wrestling Semi-Finals in Gymnasium Tonight." Funny place to do it. We did all our semi-final wrestling before the Easter vacation and our opponents were pencils and exam questions.

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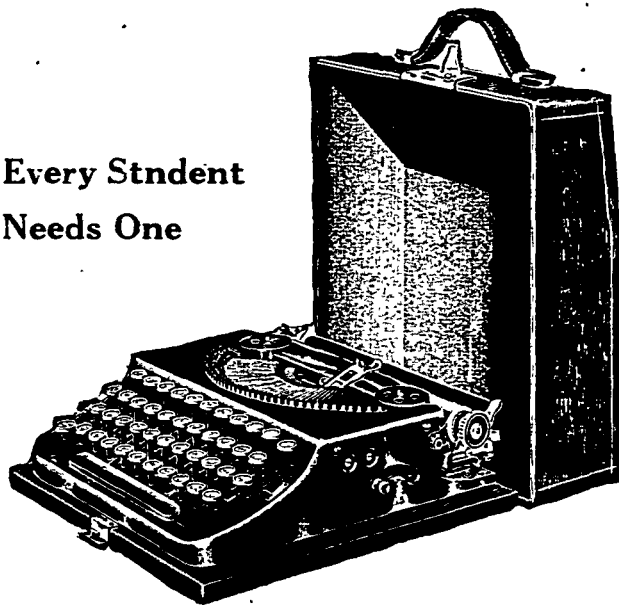
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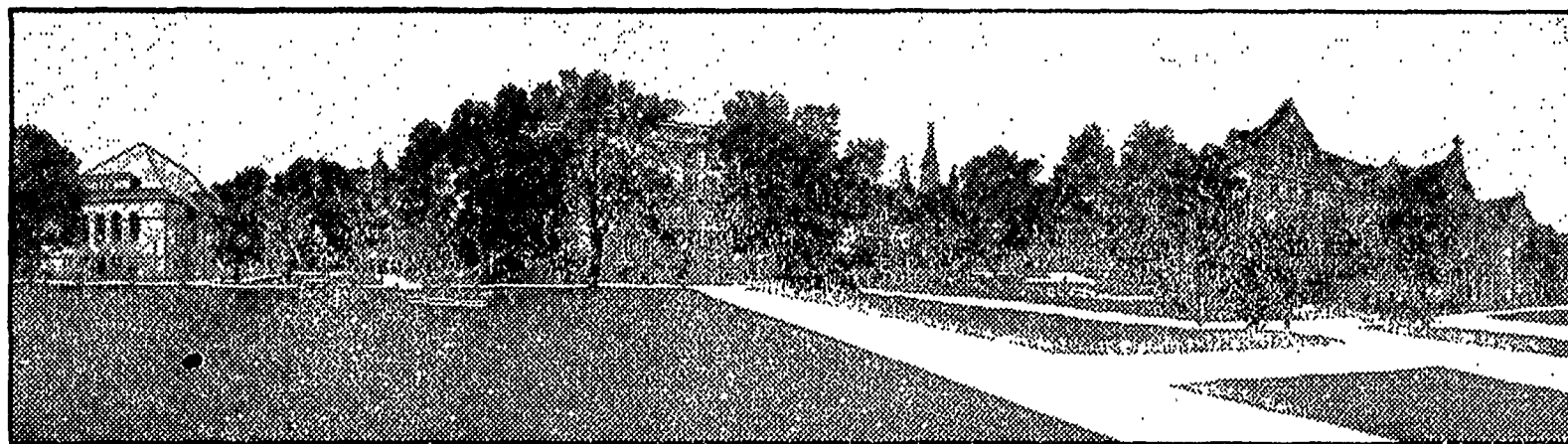
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